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L A Y S

OF

L O V E A N D F A I T H .

WITH

OTHER FUGITIVE POEMS.

BY

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

---

PHILADELPHIA:  
LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.  
1848.

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As one arranges in a simple vase,  
A little store of unpretending flowers,  
So gathered I some records of past hours,  
And trust them, gentle reader, to thy grace ;  
Nor hope that in my pages thou wilt trace  
The brilliant proof of high poetic powers ;  
But dear memorials of my happy days,  
When Heaven shed blessings on my heart, like showers  
Clothing with beauty ev'n the desert place ;  
Till I, with thankful gladness in my looks,  
Turned me to God, sweet nature, loving friends,  
Christ's little children, well-worn ancient books,  
The charm of art, the rapture music sends ;  
And sang away the grief that on man's lot attends.

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# P O E M S.

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## I N V O C A T I O N.

HUSHED is their song;—from long-frequented grove,  
Pale Memory, are thy bright-eyed daughters gone;  
No more in strains of melody and love,  
Gush forth thy sacred waters, Helicon;  
Prostrate on Egypt's plain, Aurora's son,  
God of the sunbeam and the living lyre,  
No more shall hail thee with mellifluous tone;  
Nor shall thy Pythia, raving from thy fire,  
Speak of the future sooth to those who thee inquire.

No more at Delos, or at Delphi now,  
Or even at mighty Ammon's Lybian shrine,

The white-robed priests before the altar bow,  
To slay the victim and to pour the wine,  
While gifts of kingdoms round each pillar twine ;  
Scarce can the classic pilgrim, sweeping free  
From fallen architrave the desert vine,  
Trace the dim names of their divinity—  
Gods of the ruined temples, where, oh ! where are ye ?

The Naiad bathing in her crystal spring,  
The guardian Nymph of every leafy tree,  
The rushing Æolus on viewless wing,  
The flower-crowned Queen of every cultured lea,  
And He who walked with monarch-tread the sea,  
The awful Thunderer, threatening them aloud,  
GOD ! were their vain imaginings of Thee,  
Who saw thee only through the illusive cloud  
That sin had flung around their spirits like a shroud.

As fly the shadows of uncertain night,  
On misty vapours of the early day,  
When bursts o'er earth the sun's resplendent light,  
Fantastic visions, they have passed away,

Chased by the purer Gospel's orient ray.

My soul's bright waters flow from out thy throne,  
And on my ardent breast thy sunbeams play ;

Fountain of thought ! True Source of light ! I own,  
In joyful strains of praise, thy sovereign power alone.

O breathe upon my soul thy Spirit's fire,  
That I may glow like seraphim on high,  
Or rapt Isaiah kindling o'er his lyre ;—

And sent by thee let holy Hope be nigh,  
To fill with prescient joy my ravished eye,  
And gentle Love to tune each jarring string  
Accordant with the heavenly harmony ;

Then upward borne, on Faith's aspiring wing,  
The praises of my God to listening earth I sing.

## TO MY MOTHER.

My mother! Manhood's anxious brow  
And sterner cares have long been mine;  
Yet turn I fondly to thee now,  
As when upon thy bosom's shrine  
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,  
And thy low-whispered prayers my slumbers blest.

I never call that gentle name,  
My mother! but I am again  
E'en as a child; the very same  
That prattled at thy knee; and fain  
Would I forget, in momentary joy,  
That I no more can be thy happy boy;

Thine artless boy, to whom thy smile  
Was sunshine, and thy frown sad night;



(Though rare that frown, and brief the while  
It veiled from me thy loving light ;)  
For well-conned task, ambition's highest bliss  
To win from thy approving lips a kiss.

I've lived through foreign lands to roam,  
And gazed on many a classic scene ;  
But oft the thought of that dear home,  
Which once was ours, would intervene,  
And bid me close again my languid eye,  
To think of thee, and those sweet days gone by.

That pleasant home of fruits and flowers,  
Where by the Hudson's verdant side,  
My sisters wove their jasmine bowers,  
And *he* we loved, at eventide  
Would hastening come, from distant toil to bless  
Thine and his children's radiant happiness !

Those scenes are fled ; the rattling car  
O'er flint-paved streets profanes the spot,  
Where in the sod we sowed the " Star  
Of Bethlehem " and " Forget-me-not ; "

Oh! Wo to Mammon's desolating reign,  
We ne'er shall find on earth a home again!

I've pored o'er many a yellow page  
Of ancient wisdom, and have won,  
Perchance, a scholar's name; yet sage  
Or poet ne'er have taught thy son  
Lessons so pure, so fraught with holy truth,  
As those his mother's faith shed o'er his youth.

If e'er through grace my God shall own  
The offerings of my life and love,  
Methinks, when bending close before his throne,  
Amid the ransomed hosts above,  
Thy name on my rejoicing lips shall be,  
And I will bless that grace for heaven and thee!

For thee and heaven; for thou didst tread  
The way that leads to that blest land;  
My often wayward footsteps led,  
By thy kind words and patient hand;  
And when I wandered far, thy faithful call  
Restored my soul from sin's deceitful thrall.

I have been blest with other ties,  
Fond ties and true, yet never deem  
That I the less thy fondness prize.

No, mother! in the warmest dream  
Of answered passion, through this heart of mine,  
One chord will vibrate to no name but thine!

Mother! thy name is widow; well  
I know no love of mine can fill  
The waste place of thy heart, nor dwell  
Within one sacred recess; still,  
Lean on the faithful bosom of thy son,  
My parent! thou art more—my *only* one!

T O M Y W I F E.

Afar from thee, the morning breaks,  
But morning brings no joy to me ;  
Alas ! my spirit only wakes  
To know I am afar from thee ;  
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,  
And thou wert nestled on my breast ;  
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,  
And to mine own thy heart was pressed.

Afar from thee ! 'Tis solitude,  
Though smiling crowds around me be,  
The kind, the beautiful, the good,  
For I can only think of thee ;  
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,  
My earliest and my only one ;



Without thee, I am all unblest,  
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee ! The words of praise  
My listless ear unheeded greet ;  
What sweetest seemed in better days,  
Without thee seems no longer sweet :  
The dearest joy fame can bestow,  
Is in thy moistened eye to see,  
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,  
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee ! The night is come,  
But slumbers from my pillow flee ;  
I cannot rest so far from home,  
And my heart's home is, love, with thee !  
I kneel before the throne of prayer,  
And then I know that thou art nigh,  
For God, who seeth everywhere,  
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together in His loved embrace,  
No distance can our hearts divide ;

Forgotten quite the mediate space,  
I kneel thy kneeling form beside ;  
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,  
But soars the spirit far and free ;  
O welcome be night's slumbers deep,  
For then, dear love, I am with thee.

T O —.

I LOVED thee when in earlier years,  
Thy pulse with health beat high,  
And none but childhood's passing tears  
Had wet thy gentle eye ;  
Ere pain had set its sign upon  
That fair and open brow,  
While through thy cheek the warm blood shone,  
Like summer's sunset glow.

But now that pulse is faint and weak,  
Or flushed with hectic fire ;  
And wan and pale that once bright cheek,  
Which fed my young desire.  
Long suffering's trace is on thy brow,  
And dim though sweet thine eye ;

But thou art dearer to me now,  
Than e'er in years gone by.

Yes! dearer e'en than when I heard,  
In low and murmuring tone,  
From thee the one confiding word,  
That made thee all my own :  
Yes, lovelier art thou now to me,  
Than when in beauty's pride,  
I blessed thee for thy constancy,  
And clasped thee as my bride.

Fade as thou wilt, thy spirit seems  
Purer within to shine ;  
And through that smile it ever beams  
Its loveliness on mine.  
My only one ! so close I've worn  
Thee to my fearful heart,  
That when from me away thou'rt torn,  
Its strings must rend apart.

T O —.

FAR over Helle's rapid wave,  
From Sestos' temple height,  
Young Hero's lamp sweet promise gave,  
Through the dark, stormy night ;  
Leander saw—his fearless breast  
Dashed through the rushing tide,  
To win her welcome to his rest  
From peril, by her side.

Thus has thy true love been to me  
The hope that led me on,  
A star upon life's troubled sea,  
When other lights were gone ;  
Cheerful through all the strife I press,  
So that I see the while  
My meed and earnest of success,  
In thy fond faithful smile.

## CLING TO THY MOTHER!

CLING to thy mother ; for she was the first  
To know thy being, and to feel thy life ;  
The hope of thee through many a pang she nurst ;  
And when, 'midst anguish like the parting strife,  
Her babe was in her arms, the agony  
Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

Be gentle to thy mother ; long she bore  
Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth ;  
Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er  
Thy cradle prayed, and taught thy lisplings truth.  
Yes, she is old ; yet on thine adult brow  
She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother ; close to her warm heart  
She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest ;

Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,  
Exulting in the fledgling from her nest :  
And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,  
Whose strength was thine in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother ; brief perchance the time  
May be, that she will claim the care she gave ;  
Past are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime  
Of joy on earth ; her friends are in the grave :  
But for her children, she could lay her head  
Gladly to rest among her precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother ; words unkind,  
Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang  
To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined  
In love unutterable, more than fang  
Of venom'd serpent.\* Wound not that strong trust,  
As thou wouldst hope for peace when she is dust.

O mother mine ! God grant I ne'er forget,  
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,

---

\* "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child !"—LEAR.



The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt

I owe thy love ; but make my sweet employ,  
Ever through thy remaining days to be  
To thee as faithful, as thou wert to me.

## LIVE TO DO GOOD.

LIVE to do good ; but not with thought to win  
From man return of any kindness done ;  
Remember Him who died on cross for sin,  
The merciful, the meek, rejected One ;  
When He was slain for crime of doing good,  
Canst thou expect return of gratitude ?

Do good to all ; but while thou servest best,  
And at thy greatest cost, nerve thee to bear,  
When thine own heart with anguish is opprest,  
The cruel taunt, the cold averted air,  
From lips which thou hast taught in hope to pray,  
And eyes whose sorrows thou hast wiped away.

Still do thou good ; but for His holy sake  
Who died for thine ; fixing thy purpose ever

High as His throne no wrath of man can shake ;  
So shall He own thy generous endeavour,  
And take thee to His conqueror's glory up,  
When thou hast shared the Saviour's bitter cup.

Do nought but good ; for such the noble strife  
Of virtue is, 'gainst wrong to venture love,  
And for thy foe devote a brother's life,  
Content to wait the recompense above ;  
Brave for the truth, to fiercest insult meek,  
In mercy strong, in vengeance only weak.

## MUSIC IN THE HEART.

“ A simple race, they waste their toil  
For the vain tribute of a smile.”—SCOTT.

’Tis not in hope to win  
The world’s vain smile, that thus I frequent pour  
My artless song ;—’tis that the cup runs o’er—  
I cannot keep within  
The gushing thoughts that struggle to have way,  
Flowing in unpremeditated lay.

The rock, struck by the rod,  
Shed streams of gladness on the desert plain,  
So from my ruder heart flows forth the strain,  
Touched by thy grace, O God !  
The saddest day has lost its gloom for me,  
If I may sing at eventide to Thee.

Thou, who the bird has taught  
Its tune, the brook to gurgle, and the breeze  
To make sweet music with the forest trees,  
Within my soul hast wrought  
The charm divine, to cheer me on my way  
To that bright world where angels sing for aye.

Mine is no lofty lyre,  
Nor lute voluptuous,—nor the poet's meed  
Of laurel crown ;—a simple pastor's reed  
Responds my meek desire  
To breathe, obscure from men, into thine ear,  
My God, the strain which they would scorn to hear.

Yet, if its numbers might  
Win back unto thy fold some wandering sheep,  
Or bid some pilgrim sad forget to weep,  
I shall have rich delight ;  
Nor need to envy then the proudest name  
That stands emblazoned on the roll of fame.

M A R Y.

I'VE been thinking of thee,  
Till, like a melody,  
Ran the sweet thoughts to me :  
“ Mary ! Mary ! ”

My heart sings like a bird,  
At sound of that sweet word,  
The sweetest ever heard :  
“ Mary ! Mary ! ”

As o'er and o'er again  
I am murmuring the strain,  
Still echoes the refrain :  
“ Mary ! Mary ! ”

In the hush of midnight deep,  
When I sink to tranquil sleep,  
On my lips the charm I keep :  
“ Mary ! Mary ! ”

Then in dreams I quickly glide  
To thy dear faithful side,  
My love, my joy, my pride :  
“ Mary ! Mary ! ”



## S U S I E.

WHAT shall I liken thee to, Susie ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

What so sweet and so fair, can with thee compare ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

Shall I call thee a flower, born in the first shower

That tells us the spring-tide is here, Susie ?

No, the flower fades away at the close of the day ;

Thou art blooming and sweet all the year, Susie !

What shall I liken thee to, Susie ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

What rings out so free, as thy laugh full of glee ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

Shall I call thee a bird, whose warble is heard

From the bough of the blossoming tree, Susie ?

No, the bird's song is still, when November blows chill;  
Never wind shall blow coldly on thee, Susie!

What shall I liken thee to, Susie?

What shall I liken thee to?

What so precious and bright, as thy face of delight?

What shall I liken thee to?

To brilliants that shine like stars from the mine,

Or pearls from the depths of the sea, Susie?

No, the gem has been sold for silver and gold;

But what price could ever buy thee, Susie?

There's nought I can liken thee to, Susie,

There's nought I can liken thee to:

Bird, flowret, and gem, alike I condemn;

There's naught I can liken thee to.

Thou'rt a gift from above, of the Father of love,

Sent to call our hearts upward to Him, Susie;

His smile we see now in the light on thy brow;

God grant it may never grow dim, Susie!

## EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

WITHIN her downy cradle, there lay a little child,  
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her  
    smiled ;  
When a strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,  
Which should shed the richest blessing over the new-  
    born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in  
    beauty grew,  
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of  
    azure hue ;  
Till every one who saw her, were thankful for the  
    sight  
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as musical  
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet's  
    fall ;  
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of  
    childish grace,  
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon her  
    face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,  
And within the lovely casket the precious gem en-  
    shrined ;  
Till all who knew her wondered, that God should be  
    so good,  
As to bless with such a spirit a world so cold and  
    rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody, and truth,  
The budding of her childhood just opening into  
    youth ;  
And to our hearts yet dearer, every moment than  
    before,  
She became, though we thought fondly, heart could  
    not love her more.

Then out spake another angel, nobler, brighter than the  
rest,

As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his  
breast :

“ Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal  
race,

But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o’er her  
face ;

“ Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her  
tongue,

And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be  
wrung ;

Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within  
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know a sense  
of sin.

“ Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far  
away,

Where there is no sin, nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor  
decay ;

And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts  
shall be—

Lo ! I crown her happy spirit with immortality !”

Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle  
breath,  
For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best,  
was DEATH!

“OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF  
HEAVEN.”

I HEARD a gentle murmuring,  
Twixt laughter and a tune,  
Or like a full brook gurgling  
Through the long grass in June.

I traced the sound ; an infant lay  
There in his cradle-bed ;  
And through the curtain shone a ray  
Of sunshine on his head.

It flashed from off each golden tress,  
Like the glory painters see  
Round young John in the wilderness,  
Or Christ on Mary's knee.



The child put up his little hand,  
He waved it to and fro ;  
And words I could not understand,  
Seemed from his lips to flow ;

Words in which joy and love would blend,  
As if he thought the while  
The light to be a pleasant friend,  
A friend with a pleasant smile.

Thus, till the sunny ray grew dim,  
As it passed the window-pane,  
He murmured on his happy hymn,  
Then fell asleep again.

O God ! I thought, that I could be  
Like that meek little child ;  
To greet thy truth which smiles on me,  
With brow as undefiled ;

And then, with lips as innocent,  
And heart as free from guile,  
Sing of thy love in glad content,  
Look up, and see thee smile.

## A N E M O N E S.

God ! in what unsparing showers,  
Hast thou lavished these fair flowers !  
On the slope of sunny bank,  
'Mongst the budding mosses dank,  
At the dripping steep rock's foot,  
Round the tall tree's swelling root ;  
Everywhere I look, I see  
Springing the Anemone.

The swain goes whistling to his work,  
The hunter seeks in copse to lurk,  
The warrior on his steed pricks by,  
And love casts down the maiden's eye,  
While the bent man with hoary hair  
Is plodding on in grasping care ;

Few have time or glance for thee,  
Lowly, sweet Anemone.

Like thy thousand starry eyes,  
Are the thoughts that in me rise,  
Whensoever I walk abroad  
In the sun or shade with God ;  
Neither toil, nor force, nor stealth,  
Meddle with the boundless wealth,  
Which His sweet grace gives to me,  
With thy flowers, Anemone.

## V I O L E T S.

WHEN the sou'west winds do bring,  
For the earth's awakening,  
Soft, and warm, and loving breath,  
Quickening Nature from her death ;  
Look, where sunward, as he sets,  
Leans the bank, for violets !

Under leaves of tender green,  
Shrinking, modest are they seen,  
Smiling with their meek blue eyes,  
Where the perfumed dewdrop lies :  
Happy he who ne'er forgets,  
Welcome for the violets !

So when past the hour of pain,  
Cheering mercy comes again,

God! may thankful thoughts arise,  
From my humble heart and eyes;  
Eyes that still the sorrow wets,  
Like the gentle violets.

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Nor

T O —.

I KNOW not that thou'rt beautiful in other eyes than  
mine ;

Nor can I tell the nameless charm that makes this  
bosom thine ;

I only know that I could gaze for ever on that face,  
And see, in every feature, love, in every gesture, grace.

The slightest touch of thy soft hand goes thrilling to  
my heart,

Awakening all its chords to joy, as by a minstrel's  
art ;

I may not hear the slightest tone of thy low liquid  
voice,

Nor feel as though some mystic power had called me  
to rejoice.

There was a time that I could change my homage at  
my will,

And leave the lovely one, to bend before a lovelier  
still ;

But now no eyes but thine seem bright, no form but  
thine is fair ;

I'm always happy where thou art, and happy only  
there.



## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

ARE there not moments when thy heart is burning,  
Sweet lady, thy young happy heart,  
With strange mysterious sympathies; a yearning  
To walk from ruder scenes apart,  
Alone with holy Nature; from her learning  
Wild numbers, and, with gentle art,  
To echo back her voice?  
Hast thou not felt its secret chords all trembling,  
Like the Æolian strings to the glad breeze,  
And murmuring music fitfully resembling  
Their rich, unearthly symphonies?  
Oh! well mayst thou rejoice;  
For by that conscious token,  
God to thy heart hath spoken.

'Tis He who taught the lark, from earth up-springing,  
To warble forth his matin strain :  
And the pure stream, in liquid gushes singing,  
Gladly to bless the thirsty plain ;  
And from the laden bee, when homeward winging  
With tiny song, doth not disdain  
To hear the voice of praise.  
There's not a voice of Nature but is telling  
(If we will hear that voice aright,)  
How much, when human hearts with love are swelling,  
His blessed bosom hath delight  
In our rejoicing lays ;  
His love, that never slumbers,  
Taught thee these tuneful numbers.

There are cold hearts will bid thee check the gladness  
Of thy young spirit, in the flow  
Of joyous poesy ; and say, that sadness  
Suits better with our world of wo ;  
That minstrelsy oft ends in moaning madness,  
As thou too late mayst know ;  
O lady, heed them not !

The world, 'tis true, hath many a shade of sorrow ;  
Yet we have gleams of bliss, the light  
Of an eternal dawn ; then let us borrow  
Its holy hope, to keep our spirits bright  
Here in our darker lot.  
The angels sing in heaven,  
And song to thee is given.

Hath not God strewed our weary way with flowers,  
And clothed, with robe of many a hue,  
The fragrant meadows and the woodland bowers,  
Feeding their beauty with his dew,  
Making them glad with sunshine and with showers ?  
Is it not written that He knew  
Himself a joy divine,  
Amidst young Eden's holy trees, when walking  
There his children sought his love ?  
And the pure spirit still may hear Him talking  
Such words as drew rapt Enoch's soul above.  
So ask Him to draw thine ;  
Seek Him, for He is near thee,  
Sing to Him, He will hear thee.

Live thou with God in nature ; never falter  
In thy communings with Him. Be  
Like those blest birds we read of in the Psalter,  
Who found a home from peril free  
In God's own house, and nestled near His altar,  
Making it ring with melody.

That temple stands no more ;  
But Nature standeth still ; God's holy presence  
Abideth with us ; and the offering  
Of thankful joy to Him, whose perfect essence  
Is perfect Love, our glowing lips may bring  
Till this brief life is o'er ;  
And in a brighter, better,  
Our spirits know no fetter.

## L I N E S,

ON LEAVING THE MANOR-HOUSE, ALBANY, 1835.

WHEN fainting in the desert heat,  
The pilgrim finds some greener spot,  
Where arching palms above him meet,  
And the fierce sunbeams reach him not ;  
But streams of living water flow,  
To slake his thirst and cool his brow ;  
He lingers long, his toil forgot ;  
Then sighs to think that o'er the plain,  
Must lie his burning way again.  
—So lingered one beneath the shade  
Of these ancestral trees, and blest  
The kind hearts that his welcome made  
To pleasant food and quiet rest,  
An humble, yet an honoured guest ;  
Then, pausing on the threshold there,  
Left for his thanks, a pilgrim's prayer.

T O —.

O LET me gaze into thine eyes,  
Those gentle eyes, so beautiful !  
The heavens above are cold and dull,  
To their sweet mysteries.

In them I read of God's good might,  
More profitable lessons far,  
Than in the most resplendent star ;  
They show a world more bright.

Within their lucid depths, live Truth,  
Love, Honour, Meekness, Courage, Peace,  
Abounding with a sure increase,  
Immortal in their youth :

Types of all pure and noble things  
Are radiant there from upper skies ;  
As angels once in Paradise  
Walked with their folded wings :

Kind motives, fragrant as the balm  
Of healing ; wishes to do good,  
Soft as the breeze through Gilead's wood,  
That breaketh not its calm :

Hopes of a better life, that yearn  
As exiles for their place of birth ;  
Fires, fed with incense on the earth,  
Ascending as they burn ;

And harmonies, not of the sense,  
But thought, such as just spirits sing,  
When the UNSEEN is listening  
Their hush of joy intense.

Let me gaze on, till I forget  
Thine outward loveliness of form,  
And know, instead of passion warm,  
A higher rapture yet.

Take me within thy heart ; unite  
My soul to thine, that I may share  
The holy health which liveth there,  
The ever deep delight.

Teach me thy strength of patient faith,  
The lessons thou hast learned so well  
From sacred suffering, and tell  
Me what God's angel saith.

O GOD, 'tis no idolatry,  
The love that twines me round thy gift,  
Who thus my weaker soul doth lift  
Upward with hers to thee !

Thou speakest in the tempest wind,  
The earthquake shock, the lightning fire ;  
But most thy Presence doth inspire  
The lowly, Christ-like mind.

And thy wise grace hath sent,  
In the sweet life and words of her  
So dear to me, a messenger  
Of Christ most eloquent.



O ! call her not to leave me ; she  
May wait for Heaven, who lives so near  
To Thee on earth ; till both shall hear  
Thy voice, “Come up to me !”

## NIGHT STUDY.

I AM alone ; and yet  
In the still solitude there is a rush  
    Around me, as were met  
A crowd of viewless wings ; I hear a gush  
Of mystic harmonies—heaven meeting earth,  
Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye winged Phantasies,  
Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,  
    Calling me to arise,  
To go forth with you from my very self, and fly  
Far into the unseen, unknown immense  
Of worlds beyond our sphere ; What are ye ? Whence ?

Ye eloquent voices,  
Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,  
    Now strong as when rejoices  
The trumpet in the victory and pursuit ;

Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call  
My soul to wake from earth's sense and its thrall.

I know you now ; I see  
With more than natural light ; Ye are the good,  
The wise *departed* ; Ye  
Are come from heaven, to claim your brotherhood  
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife  
And chains, which once were yours in this sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page  
Ye traced, in ancient days, with glorious thought  
For many a distant age ;  
Ye love to watch the inspiration caught  
From your sublime examples, and to cheer  
The fainting student to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul,  
(Like him who near the Atoner stood, when He,  
Trembling, saw round Him roll  
The wrathful portents of Gethsemane,)  
With courage strong : the promise ye have known  
And proved, rapt for me from the Eternal throne.

Still keep, O ! keep me near you,  
Compass me round with your immortal wings ;  
Still let my glad soul hear you  
Striking your triumphs from your golden strings ;  
Until with you I mount, and join the song,  
An angel like you, 'mid the white-robed throng.

## L I N E S,

SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN A  
FRIEND'S LETTER.

“Last week I buried my sweet little Mary; she was three years and two months old, and had been ill four weeks. She was born on the Sabbath, taken sick on the Sabbath, and buried on the Sabbath. During her illness she seemed to take great consolation in repeating the many hymns she had learned. ‘Mother,’ said she one day, ‘I will meet you on the way to Jordan.’ We thought she was asleep, but she was gone.”—REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

'Twas on a blessed morning of the blessed day of rest,  
I clasped thee, as a gift from God, first to a father's  
breast;  
And sweetly didst thou nestle there, a thing of holy  
love,  
Till soul shone out thy pleasant face, like sunshine  
from above;

And the accents of thy lisping tongue seemed, to my  
partial thought,  
Like music, from the angel guards around thy pillow  
caught.  
We called thee by her precious name, who poured the  
rich perfume,  
With tears, upon her Master's feet, and watched his  
early tomb.  
I loved thee well, how tenderly God only knows; but  
thou  
Art clasped unto the heart of One, who loves thee  
better now.

'Twas on another blessed day, 'midst the Sabbath's  
holy hush,  
When first we marked upon thy cheek the fever's  
hectic flush;  
And a shuddering sense of mortal ill ran through thy  
gentle frame,  
Till we dared not speak the fearful thoughts that o'er  
our spirits came ;  
And many a weary, sleepless night, and weary, sleep-  
less day,

We watched, beside thy burning bed, thy young life  
pass away.

Yet there was joy amidst our grief, and hope, no tears  
could dim,

As we listened to thy whispered prayers, and sweetly  
warbled hymn :

Oh ! faithfully we watched thee then, amidst thy  
pangs ; but thou

Art fallen asleep on Jesus' breast, and He will watch  
thee now.

And yet another Sabbath came, but we left the house  
of God,

To seek for thee a narrow house beneath the verdant  
sod ;

And many a bitter tear was shed, as we sadly asked  
for room

To hide our loved one from our sight within the silent  
tomb.

Yet upward through those tears to heaven, each eye in  
hope was cast,

That there will dawn for thee a day, the holiest and  
the last ;

A day of endless life and joy, of fadeless, cloudless  
light,

When God Almighty and the Lamb shall chase away  
the night.

Oh! lovely wert thou in our eyes, my beautiful, but  
thou

Wilt wake with God's own likeness then upon thy  
cherub brow.

Thou mayest not come again to us; we would not call  
thee back,

To tread with us, 'midst toil and gloom, the pilgrim's  
desert track:

But oh! that He, the lowly One, would grant us grace  
to be

Like thee in childlike gentleness, and meek simpli-  
city;

Then shall we follow where thou art, and in the trying  
day,

When we must tread the vale of death, thou'lt meet us  
on our way,

A radiant messenger of God, sent from the holy throng  
Around the throne, to welcome us with angel harp and  
song.



Oh ! blest will be our meeting then, in that pure home  
on high,  
Where sin no more shall cloud the heart, or sorrow dim  
the eye !

“TO BE OR NOT TO BE.”

WHEN the heart beats high with youthful pride,  
And the form we love is by our side ;  
When friends are fond, and life is gay  
With all th' enchantment hope can give ;  
Then all around us seems to say,  
O what a pleasant thing to LIVE !

But when youth's glowing fires decay,  
And the form we love has passed away ;  
When hope has fled, and one by one  
Our early friends in silence lie ;  
(If God would say our work was done,)  
O what a pleasant thing to DIE !

## L I N E S,

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO LAUREL HILL.

THE dead, the dead, the precious dead,  
O ! bear them far from the noisy tread  
And crowded haunts of busy men,  
To the sunlit mount and vine-clad glen,  
Where the mourner, bending o'er the stone,  
May pour her tears, and breathe her moan,  
In the luxury of grief, alone ;  
And no profaner step intrude  
Upon the silent solitude.

The dead, the dead, the Christian dead,  
On whose parting hour Christ's grace was shed,  
Let them lie where once the Master slept,  
And the angels vigil o'er him kept ;

Amid the garden's living bloom,  
Where grief may lose all thought of gloom,  
In the verdure rich, and soft perfume,  
And quell the murmuring thoughts that rise,  
In the sweet hope of Paradise.

The dead, the dead, the lowly dead,  
O ! make with them my last low bed,  
Not in the charnel's loathsome cave,  
But 'neath the turf of the verdant grave ;  
There let my "dust return to dust,"  
To rest in hope among the just,  
On my mother's breast in holy trust ;  
Till that "illustrious morning" break,  
When "they who sleep in dust shall wake."

TO MY FRIEND'S BRIDE, WITH  
A BIBLE.

LADY, I send no costly pearls,  
To twine among thy glossy curls;  
Nor ask to place upon thy hand  
The brilliant in its golden band.  
Let others seek, by splendid guise,  
To win the gaze of wandering eyes;  
Thou hast no need—that form and face  
Asks not for artificial grace,  
And, purer than the diamond's light,  
Beams in that smile thy spirit bright.

Mine is an humble gift, and yet  
More precious than the coronet  
Upon the brow of Eastern king,  
With priceless jewels glittering;

For thou wilt find it ever be  
A matchless Talisman to thee,  
To ward afar each thing of sin,  
And bless thy heart with peace within :  
The spirit's Cestus, charming love  
With holy beauty from above :  
A faithful Mirror, in whose face  
Each inner feature thou may'st trace,  
From envy's warping censure free,  
Or falser glare of flattery :  
A steady and abiding Light,  
When all around is wrapt in night,  
Shedding afar its guiding ray,  
To cheer thee in thy heavenward way.  
And when thy mind with doubt is dim,  
Or sorrows hush thy cheerful hymn ;  
Or, worn with trial, faint and slow,  
Thy feeble steps but feebler grow ;  
Then, like the sage's Telescope,  
'Twill lift thy soul above the earth,  
And cheer thee with a joyful hope  
Of bliss too great for mortal birth ;

While Heaven's reflected light appears,  
A rainbow smiling through thy tears.  
Or, like the Italian painter's glass,  
Seen through its mean, away shall pass  
Each sombre hue, and earth shall be  
A very paradise to thee.

Thus precious in the bloom of life,  
It fails not in the final strife ;  
Though sight grow dim, and cheek wax pale,  
And heart with sick'ning sense shall fail,  
Upon thy brow its power will stamp,  
Amid the death-dew cold and damp,  
The seal of God ; and, hovering low,  
Angelic ministers will know  
The radiant signature, and shed  
Heaven's richest odours round thy bed ;  
Then changed, the fearful enemy  
No more shall king of terrors be,  
But, shine before thy kindling eye,  
Herald of immortality !

Keep it, sweet lady, it will prove  
The symbol of a purer love,

Than that which decks thine outward mien  
With orient pearls, and diamond sheen.  
Thy fairer mind I fain would bless  
With fadeless gems of godliness.



## S O N N E T.

THERE is a nobler strife than clashing spears,  
A nobler peril than the battle-field ;  
'Tis when, with trust in God worn as a shield,  
'Midst universal hisses, scoffs, and sneers,  
The man of truth with brow serene appears,  
And stands forth singly for the right, appealed  
To the Eternal Umpire ; nor will yield  
One backward step, from policy or fears.  
The savage, bandit, nay, the brute is steeled  
'Gainst bristling danger—e'en the worm uprears  
Beneath the foot his tiny sting, to crave  
A venomed vengeance ; but immortal years  
Are full of glory for the Christ-like brave,  
Who dare to suffer wrong, that they from wrong may  
save.

## HYMN TO NIGHT.

(SUGGESTED BY THE BAS-RELIEF OF THORWALDSEN.)

YES! bear them to their rest;  
The rosy babe, tired with the glare of day,  
The prattler, fall'n asleep e'en in his play;  
    Clasp them to thy soft breast,  
        O Night;  
Bless them in dreams with a deep-hushed delight.

Yet must they wake again,  
Wake soon to all the bitterness of life,  
The pang of sorrow, the temptation strife,  
    Ay, to the conscience pain:  
        O Night,  
Canst thou not take with them a longer flight?

Canst thou not bear them far,  
E'en now, all innocent, before they know  
The taint of sin, its consequence of wo,  
The world's distracting jar,  
O Night,  
To some etherial, holier, happier height ?

Canst thou not bear them up,  
Through starlit skies, far from this planet dim  
And sorrowful, e'en while they sleep, to Him  
Who drank for us the cup,  
O Night,  
The cup of wrath, for hearts in faith contrite ?

To Him, for them who slept  
A babe all lowly on his mother's knee,  
And from that hour to cross-crowned Calvary,  
In all our sorrows wept,  
O Night,  
That on our souls might dawn Heaven's cheering light ?

Go, lay their little heads  
Close to that human heart, with love divine  
Deep-beating, while his arms immortal twine

Around them, as He sheds,  
O Night,  
On them a brother's grace of God's own boundless might.

Let them immortal wake  
Among the deathless flowers of Paradise ;  
Where angel songs of welcome with surprise  
This their last sleep may break,  
O Night,  
And to celestial joy their kindred souls invite.

There can come no sorrow ;  
The brow shall know no shade, the eye no tears,  
For, ever young, through Heaven's eternal years,  
In one unfading morrow,  
O Night,  
Nor sin, nor age, nor pain, their cherub beauty blight.

Would we could sleep as they,  
So stainless and so calm—at rest with thee,—  
And only wake in immortality !  
Bear us with them away,  
O Night,  
To that etherial, holier, happier height !

## S O N G.

I LATELY plucked an opening rose  
From off its mossy tree,  
To bloom amidst the bosom snows  
Of thy sweet purity ;  
But in an hour, the hapless flower  
Was careless flung away,  
Its fragrance shed, its promise fled,  
To perish where it lay.

Full many a rose may grow beside  
Upon that mossy tree ;  
And many deck the bosom pride  
Of thy sweet purity ;  
But, wo is me ! I gave to thee  
A heart thou didst disdain ;  
And in the dust lies all its trust,  
Never to bloom again.

SONG OF THE RHINELANDER IN  
AMERICA.

COUNT it not strange, if 'mid the throng  
Of merry hearts, mine is not gay ;  
And that I sing a plaintive song—  
My heart is far away.

The stranger's thoughts are with his home,  
The fatherland across the brine ;  
His truant feet abroad may roam,  
His heart is on the Rhine.

O, 'tis not that I prize the less  
The welcome kind ye give to me ;  
It is a faithful tenderness  
For love beyond the sea.  
The stranger's eye with tears is dim,  
Though wit and beauty round him shine ;

He thinks of those who think of him,  
Beside th' abounding Rhine.

I would not cast one shadow o'er  
This smiling hour of social mirth;  
Yet memory bids me sigh the more  
For my far distant hearth.  
Rich harmonies around me gush,  
But to a German heart like mine,  
There is no music like the rush  
Of thy broad stream, O Rhine!

## SPARE THE BIRDS.

SPARE, spare the gentle bird,  
Nor do the warbler wrong ;  
In the green wood is heard  
Its sweet and holy song ;  
Its song, so clear and glad,  
Each listener's heart has stirred,  
And none, however sad,  
But blessed that happy bird.

When, at the early day,  
The farmer trod the dew,  
It met him on the way,  
With welcome blithe and true ;  
So when, at weary eve,  
He homeward wends again,



Full sorely would he grieve  
To miss the well-loved strain.

The mother, who had kept  
Watch o'er her wakeful child,  
Smiled when the baby slept,  
Soothed by its wood-notes wild ;  
And gladly has she flung  
The casement open free,  
As the dear warbler sung  
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed  
Forgets his weariness,  
And turns his feeble head  
To list its songs, that bless  
His spirit, like a stream  
Of mercy from on high,  
Or music in the dream  
That seals the prophet's eye.

O! laugh not at my words,  
To warn your thoughtless hours ;

Cherish the gentle birds,  
Cherish the fragile flowers :  
For since man was bereft  
Of Paradise, in tears,  
God these sweet things hath left  
To cheer our eyes and ears.

## WORDS FOR MUSIC.

I LOVE to sing when I am glad,  
    Song is the echo of my gladness ;  
I love to sing when I am sad,  
    Till song makes sweet my very sadness.  
'Tis pleasant time, when voices chime  
    To some sweet rhyme in concert only ;  
And song to me is company,  
    Good company, when I am lonely.

Whene'er I greet the morning light,  
    My song goes forth in thankful numbers,  
And, 'mid the shadows of the night,  
    I sing me to my welcome slumbers.  
My heart is stirred by each glad bird,  
    Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers ;

And song gives birth to friendly mirth  
Around the hearth, in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,  
From the bright angels o'er him singing ;  
And in our home, above the skies,  
Glad anthems are for ever ringing.  
God lends his ear, well pleased to hear  
The songs that cheer His children's sorrow ;  
Till day shall break, and we shall wake  
Where love will make unfading morrow.

Then let me sing while yet I may,  
Like him God loved, the sweet-tongued Psalmist,  
Who found, in harp and holy lay,  
The charm that keeps the spirit calmest ;  
For sadly here I need the cheer,  
While sinful fear with promise blendeth ;  
O ! how I long to join the throng,  
Who sing the song that never endeth !

## P A T R I O T I C   H Y M N .

God's blessing be upon  
Our own, our native land !  
The land our fathers won  
By the strong heart and hand,  
The keen axe and the brand ;  
When they felled the forest's pride,  
And the tyrant foe defied,  
The free, the rich, the wide :  
God for our native land !

To none upon a throne  
But God, we bend the knee ;  
No noble name we own  
But noble liberty ;  
Ours is a brother-band ;

For the spirit of our sires  
Each patriot bosom fires,  
And the strong faith inspires :  
God for our native land !

Up with the starry sign,  
The red stripes and the white !  
Where'er its glories shine,  
In peace or in the fight,  
We own its high command ;  
For the flag our fathers gave,  
O'er our children's heads shall wave,  
And their children's children's grave :  
God for our native land !

America ! to thee,  
In one united vow,  
To keep thee strong and free,  
And glorious as now,  
We pledge each heart and hand ;  
By the blood our fathers shed !  
By the ashes of our dead !  
By the sacred soil we tread !  
God for our native land !

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

MAINE, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting  
shout,

And from NEW HAMPSHIRE's granite heights, the echo-  
ing peal rings out ;

The mountain farms of staunch VERMONT prolong the  
thundering call ;

MASSACHUSETTS answers : " Bunker Hill ! " a watch-  
word for us all.

RHODE ISLAND shakes her sea-wet locks, acclaiming  
with the free,

And staid CONNECTICUT breaks forth in sacred har-  
mony.

The giant joy of proud NEW YORK, loud as an earth-  
quake's roar,

Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's  
crowded shore,

NEW JERSEY, hallowed by their blood, who erst in  
battle fell,

At Monmouth's, Princeton's, Trenton's fight, joins in  
the rapturous swell.

Wide PENNSYLVANIA, strong as wide, and true as she  
is strong,

From every hill to valley, pours the torrent tide along.

Stand up, stout little DELAWARE, and bid thy volleys  
roll,

Though least among the old Thirteen, we judge thee  
by thy soul!

Hark to the voice of MARYLAND! over the broad Che-  
sapeake

Her sons, as valiant as their sires, in cannonadings  
speak.

VIRGINIA, nurse of Washington, and guardian of his  
grave,

Now to thine ancient glories turn the faithful and the  
brave;

We need not hear the bursting cheer this holy day  
inspires,

To know that, in Columbia's cause, "Virginia never  
tires."



Fresh as the evergreen that waves above her sunny soil,  
NORTH CAROLINA shares the bliss, as oft the patriot's  
toil ;

And the land of Sumter, Marion, of Moultrie, Pinck-  
ney, must

Respond the cry, or it will rise e'en from their sleeping  
dust.

And GEORGIA, by the dead who lie along Savannah's  
bluff,

Full well we love thee, but we ne'er can love thee well  
enough ;

From thy wild northern boundary, to thy green isles  
of the sea,

Where beat on earth more gallant hearts than now  
throb high in thee ?

On, on, 'cross ALABAMA's plains, the ever-flowery  
glades,

To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid Gulf  
invades ;

There, borne from many a mighty stream upon her  
mightier tide,

Come down the swelling long huzzas from all that  
valley wide,

As wood-crowned Alleghany's call, from all her sum-  
mits high,  
Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset  
sky ;  
While on the shores and through the swales, 'round  
the vast inland seas,  
The stars and stripes, 'midst freemen's songs, are flash-  
ing to the breeze.  
The woodsman, from the mother, takes his boy upon  
his knee,  
To tell him how their fathers fought and bled for  
liberty ;  
The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring  
beside,  
To think upon his country's worth, and feel his coun-  
try's pride ;  
While many a foreign accent, which our God can un-  
derstand,  
Is blessing Him for home and bread in this free, fertile  
land.  
Yes! when upon the eastern coast we sink to happy  
rest,  
The Day of Independence rolls still onward to the  
west,

Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee,  
That woke the morning with its voice along the  
Atlantic sea.

—O God! look down upon the land which thou hast  
loved so well,

And grant that in unbroken truth her children still  
may dwell;

Nor, while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow  
through the vale,

May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their cove-  
nant fail!

God keep the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath  
the sun;

“Our country, our whole country, and our country  
ever one!”

## S O N G.

(AT MIDNIGHT, IN AN ENGLISH MAIL-COACH.)

My country, oh ! my country,  
My heart still sighs for thee,  
And many are the longing thoughts  
I send across the sea.  
My weary feet have wandered far,  
And far they yet must roam ;  
But oh ! whatever land I tread,  
My heart is with my home.

The fields of merry England  
Are spreading round me wide,  
The verdant vale, and castled steep,  
In all their ancient pride ;  
But give to me my own wild land,  
Beyond the salt sea's foam,

For there, amid her forests free,  
My spirit is at home.

I've listened, at the sunset hour,  
To the songs of merry France,  
And smiled to see her peasants glad  
In the evening's cheerful dance ;  
But sadness chased away the smile,  
As I thought, far o'er the sea,  
Of the pensive group round the sacred hearth,  
Whose hearts were sad for me.

There's no home like my own home,  
Across the dark blue sea ;  
The land of beauty and of worth,  
The bright land of the free ;  
Where royal foot hath never trod,  
Nor bigot forged a chain ;  
Oh ! would that I were safely back  
In that bright land again !

## S O N G.

I SEE thee sweetly smile,  
I hear thee gaily sing,  
But I am sure the while  
Thy heart is suffering.  
Thine eye is never glad,  
Thy smile quick fades away ;  
Ah ! well I know that thou art sad,  
Although thy song be gay.

I've marked, unseen by thee,  
The changes of thy cheek,  
When thy heart seemed to be  
So full thou couldst not speak.  
The tear, oft in thine eye,  
Is instant dashed away,  
And in its pauses thou dost sigh,  
Although thy song be gay.

I've read upon thy brow  
Smoothed for the festive crowd,  
Of lonely hours, when thou  
Art desolately bowed  
In grief, thou now wouldst hide,  
But then will have its way,  
And flow in a far bitterer tide,  
Because thy song was gay.

Each day thy cheek grows pale,  
And thinner than before ;  
Thy sweet smile soon must fail  
To hide thy sadness more.  
Alas ! so sweet a thing  
So soon should pass away !  
Thy heart is breaking string by string,  
Although thy song be gay.

## S O N G.

I HAVE no heart to sing,  
I have no heart to play ;  
And I find it is a weary thing  
To pass the time away.

I cannot sleep at night,  
Or, sleeping, sadly dream ;  
Then wake to wish 'twere light,  
And catch the earliest beam.

I'm sad when I'm alone ;  
And yet when friends are round,  
The merry laugh, the merry tone,  
Is a discordant sound ;



And I steal away to weep  
Where no light eye can see ;  
Yet wish for one to keep  
My sadness company.

## S O N G.

SHE'S fresh as breath of summer morn,  
    She's fair as flowers in spring,  
And her voice it has the warbling gush  
    Of a bird upon the wing ;  
For joy like dew shines in her eye,  
    Her heart is kind and free ;  
'Tis gladness but to look upon  
    The face of Alice Lee.

She knows not of her loveliness,  
    And little thinks the while,  
How the very air grows beautiful  
    In the beauty of her smile ;  
As sings within the fragrant rose  
    The honey-gath'ring bee,  
So murmureth laughter on the lips  
    Of gentle Alice Lee.

How welcome is the rustling breeze  
    When sultry day is o'er !  
More welcome far the graceful step,  
    That brings her to the door ;  
'Tis sweet to gather violets ;  
    But O ! how blest is he,  
Who wins a glance of modest love,  
    From lovely Alice Lee !

## SONG OF THE TEE-TOTALLER.

LET others sing the ruby bright

In the red wine's sparkling glow ;

Dearer to me is the diamond light

In the fountain's purer flow.

The feet of earthly men have trod

The juice from the bleeding vine,

But the stream comes pure from the hand of God.

To fill this cup of mine.

Then give me the cup of cold water,

The pure sweet cup of cold water ;

His arm is strong, though his toil be long,

Who drinks but the clear cold water.

The dewdrop lies in the flowret's cup,

How rich is its perfume now !

And the thirsty earth with joy looks up,  
When Heav'n sheds rain on her brow.  
The brook goes forth with a cheerful voice,  
To gladden the vale along ;  
And the bending trees on her banks rejoice  
To listen her quiet song.  
Then give me the cup of cold water,  
The pure sweet cup of cold water ;  
For bright is his eye, and his spirit high,  
Who drinks but the clear cold water.

The lark springs up with a lighter strain,  
When the wave has washed her wing ;  
And the steed flings back his thundering mane  
In the might of the crystal spring.  
This was the drink of Paradise,  
Ere blight on its beauty fell ;  
And the buried streams of its gladness rise  
In every moss-grown well.  
Then here's for the cup of cold water,  
The pure sweet cup of cold water ;  
Unto all that live will Nature give.  
But a drink of clear cold water.

## THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

(AFTER HEARING MR. DEMPSTER SING.)

O ! SING to me the auld Scotch sangs,  
I' the braid Scottish tongue,  
The sangs my father loved to hear,  
The sangs my mither sung ;  
When she sat beside my cradle,  
Or croon'd me on her knee,  
An' I wad na sleep, she sang sae sweet,  
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Yes ! sing the auld, the gude auld sangs,  
Auld Scotia's gentle pride,  
O' the wimpling burn and the sunny brae,  
An' the cosie ingle-side ;

Sangs o' the broom an' heather,  
Sangs o' the trysting tree,  
The laverock's lilt and the gowan's blink ;  
The auld Scotch sangs for me !

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,  
The blythesome or the sad ;  
They mak' me smile when I am wae,  
An' greet when I am glad.  
My heart gaes back to auld Scotland,  
The saut tears dim mine e'e,  
An' the Scotch bluid leaps in a' my veins,  
As ye sing thae sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs ;  
For ilka ane can tell  
O' joy or sorrow i' the past,  
Where memory loves to dwell ;  
Though hair win gray, an' limbs win auld,  
Until the day I dee,  
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings  
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

## S O N G.

I HAE a cup o' gude red wine ;  
    Wha shall I pledge it wi' ?  
Nane, nane shall be a toast o' mine,  
    Save thee, my Mary, thee.  
Then here's a health to thee, my dear,  
    Then here's a health to thee ;  
For its hue is like thy bonnie cheek,  
    And it sparkles like thine e'e !

I hae a wreath baith rich and rare ;  
    Whose shall the posie be ?  
Nane, nane shall twine it 'mid their hair,  
    Save thee, my Mary, thee.  
Then here's a wreath for thee, my dear,  
    Then here's a wreath for thee ;  
For the opening rose is like thy mou',  
    —There's nae flow'r like thine e'e !



I hae a heart baith leal and kind ;

Wha shall be queen to me ?

Nane, nane shall rule aboon my mind,

Save thee, my Mary, thee.

Then here's a heart for thee, my dear,

Then here's a heart for thee ;

And if it e'er should grow too cauld,

Just warm it wi' thine e'e !

## S O N G.

O! HAPPY was the gloamin', when  
I gently woo'd and won thee,  
As through the shadows o' the glen  
The young moon smiled upon thee.  
Thine e'en were like the stars aboon,  
Thy step was like the fairy,  
And sweeter than the throstle's tune  
Was thy saft voice, my Mary.  
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,  
Our beating hearts thegither,  
And mair than a' the warld beside  
Were we to ane anither.

Fu' mony a day we twa hae seen,  
Fu' mony a day o' sorrow ;  
And clouds that lowered the yester-e'en,  
Grew blacker on the morrow ;

Yet never was the day sae sad,  
Nor night sae mirk and eerie,  
But ae fond kiss could mak us glad,  
My ain dear faithfu' Mary.  
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,  
Our beating hearts thegither,  
The warld might frown, but what cared we,  
Sae we had ane anither?

And now, as in the gloamin' sweet,  
When first my passion won thee,  
I homeward come at e'en to meet  
And fondly gaze upon thee;  
Tho' locks be gray on ilka brow,  
And feet be slow and wearie,  
O, ne'er to me sae dear wert thou,  
Nor I to thee, my Mary.  
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,  
Our beating hearts thegither,  
Whate'er may change, thae hearts are still  
The same to ane anither.

The gloamin' dim o' passing life,  
Is fa'ing gently o'er us;

And here we sit, auld man and wife,  
Nor dread the night before us ;  
For we maun lift to heaven hie  
A lightsome hope and cheerie,  
Nor fear to lay us doon and dee,  
And wak' aboon, my Mary.  
Thy han' in mine, my cheek to thine,  
Our faithfu' hearts thegither ;  
Welcome be death to tak' the ane,  
Gin he will tak' the ither !

## SONNET.

ON A PICTURE OF THE MAGDALENE ASLEEP.

THY tears are dried, sweet penitent ; no more  
Abandoned on the ground we see thee lie,  
The precious word of life beneath thine eye,  
Searching the sacred record o'er and o'er  
To find His grace for sins thy thoughts deplore,  
Who came for lost ones such as thee to die.  
—Thou art forgiven.—'Neath a smiling sky,  
E'en as thou didst with upward face adore,  
(The holy Cross clasped closely to thy breast,)  
Sleep has come o'er thee, worn and wearied  
By anxious vigils ; yet in slumber blest,  
Heaven's radiant glory circles round thy head,  
Filling thy soul with visions of that rest  
Where e'en repentance has no tears to shed !

## ZAPPI'S SONNET

ON THE PORTRAIT OF RAFFAELLE BY HIMSELF.

AND this is Raffaele ! There, in that one face,  
So sadly sweet, sought Nature to portray  
His own high dreams of nobleness and grace,  
The all of genius that she could convey  
In features visible. He alone could trace  
The great Idea ; nor could he essay  
Upon the eternal canvass thus to place,  
Secure in beauty far beyond decay,  
Another form so glorious as his own.

E'en eager Death held in suspense his dart :  
"How shall the painter from his work be known,"  
He asks, "that I may strike him to the heart?"  
"Fruitless thy rage," the great soul gives reply,  
"Nor image, nor its author, e'er shall die."

## TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

SUFFENUS, whom we both have known so well,  
No other man in manners can excel ;  
Facetious, courteous, affable, urbane,  
The world's approval he is sure to gain.  
But, would you think it? he has now essayed  
To be a bard, and countless verses made ;  
Perhaps ten thousand, perhaps ten times more,  
For none but he could ever count them o'er ;  
Not scribbled down on scraps, as one does when  
In careless rhymes we only try our pen ;  
But in a gilt-edged book, all richly bound,  
The writing ornate with a care profound,  
Rich silken cords to mark each favourite part,  
The cover, ev'n, a monument of art.  
Yet as you read, Suffenus, who till then  
Seemed the most pleasant of all gentlemen,

Becomes offensive as the country boor,  
Who milks rank goats beside his cottage door,  
Or digs foul ditches : such a change is wrought  
By verse with neither sense nor music fraught.  
So crazed is he with this same wretched rhyme,  
That never does he know so blest a time  
As when he writes away, and fondly deems  
He rivals Homer's god-enraptured dreams ;  
And wonders, in his pride, himself to see,  
The very pattern-pink of poesy.  
Alas ! Suffenus, while I laugh at thee,  
The world, for aught I know, may laugh at me.  
It is the madness of each one to pride  
Himself on that t'were better far to hide ;  
Nor know the faults in that peculiar sack,  
Which Æsop says is hanging at his back.



## P A S T O R A L.

IMITATED FROM TIBULLUS.

LET him who will, hoard heaps of yellow gold,  
Or vast domains in servile culture hold,  
And tremble sleepless, lest he hear afar  
The trumpet heralds of the invader's car.  
Secure in humble quiet, let me trim  
My vines and orchards, till the evening dim  
Call me from wholesome labour, to retire  
Where peace awaits me by my cottage fire;  
Content to hope that autumn's faith will bring  
Full wages for the industry of spring  
And genial summer's sweat, sufficient store  
Of corn and wine-vats running freely o'er.  
He never trusts in vain, who owns, like me,  
A Providence o'er soil, and vine, and tree,

And fails not still his ready thanks to pay  
At village church, where rustics meet to pray,  
Whose simple porch, entwined with creepers green,  
And tapering spire, across the mead is seen :  
Nor there alone, but when by day a-field  
Spontaneous praises from his heart will yield ;  
Or, kneeling morn and eve at home, before  
The household group, recounts their mercies o'er.  
Yes, for thy sake, Almighty Source of all,  
The poorer stranger at my door may call,  
Nor empty thence, without God speed, depart ;  
The widow's and the orphan's saddened heart  
Shall sing for joy, as they unchidden glean  
Their bosoms full my harvest sheaves between ;  
And not unfrequent, summoned all to share  
My humble feast, the neighbours shall repair,  
The lads and lasses innocently bold,  
Or, more sedate, gray-beard and matron old ;  
For them the fatted calf I'll gladly kill,  
For them the cup with ruddy pleasure fill.  
This is thy due, my God, the sacrifice  
Of all most grateful that to thee may rise ;

So on my happy heart look mildly down,  
And all my toil with moderate plenty crown.  
Let me, contented, thus remote remain,  
Nor make long journeys for uncertain gain ;  
Shunning the summer noon's too ardent beam,  
Prone in the shade beside some murmuring stream ;  
Yet ne'er averse, without excessive toil,  
To break for tender plants the stiffened soil,  
Or urge the slow-paced oxen, as I guide  
The sharpened share with all a ploughman's pride.  
And be it mine with shepherd's love to bear  
The bleating wanderer from its mother's care  
Homeward again, and hush its wild alarms,  
In the safe shelter of my gentle arms.  
So He, in whom I trust, will guard my fold  
From stealthy wolf or human robber bold ;  
And not refuse the humble boon I crave,  
My loaded vines from plundering birds to save.  
Let the proud noble boast his wealthy store,  
*Enough* be mine—I would not ask for more ;  
So that at eve I rest my weary form  
On the dear couch by faithful love made warm ;

Then, though without are winter storms, how sweet  
To list the rain against the casement beat,  
As, clasping fondly to my happy breast  
My gentle wife, it lulls us to our rest !  
Well do they earn the riches they attain  
Who tempt, for commerce, the tempestuous main ;  
Not all their gold or jewels would I buy  
With one sad drop from Delia's anxious eye.  
Boast thou, Messala, spoils of victory,  
Wrung from thy foes, or on the land or sea !  
Let me fair Delia's captive blest remain,  
Her fair fond arms my ever-welcome chain ;  
Nor shall I care though I inglorious be,  
My gentle Delia, in thy company.  
With thee still let me live, and when I die,  
Thee shall I bless with my expiring eye.  
Thou by my couch in gentle grief shalt stand,  
And feel the last faint pressure of my failing hand.  
Then wilt thou weep—thy bitter tears shall rain,  
While I unconscious of thy tears remain,  
Kissing the brow, the lips, whose icy chill  
Answers instead of love's delicious thrill.

Then wilt thou weep, when following to the grave  
Him e'en thy fond affection could not save.  
Yet, for my love, and for love's memory, spare  
The rippling gold of thy dishevelled hair ;  
Nor wound upon the flints thy tender knee—  
Their beauty spare, dear, e'en in death, to me !  
And not a village swain or virgin then  
Tearless shall to their home return again  
From the sad scene, but, for thy sorrow's sake,  
Will for thy loss, a day of mourning make.  
Thus let us live and love while yet we may,  
(For death will come at some too early day,)  
And give to each our fond, confiding truth,  
Till age shall calm the transports of our youth.  
With my snug farm, my cottage home, and thee,  
Riches I scorn, and smile at poverty.

H O R A C E, O D E I. 38.

OH! how I hate, boy, hair smelling of Macassar!  
Throw away that garland, nor, like an ass, sir,  
Searching for thistles 'mid the meadow grass, sir,  
    Seek autumn's roses;  
Only the myrtle, carelessly entwining  
My brow and yours, boy, serve thy master dining  
Where, 'neath the vine leaves in the sunset shining.  
    Blest he reposes.

## EPIGRAMS.

TO A LADY RICHLY DRESSED.

(From the Greek. On Venus armed.)

AH! vain enchantress, wherefore try  
With toilet arts that form to arm  
For conquest sweet, that men may die?  
Each ornament but hides a charm.

ON A PORTRAIT.

(From the Latin.)

The mirth is laughing in thine azure eyes,  
And dimpling o'er thy blushing cheek;  
Come, let me share the glad surprise,  
Open those rosy lips, and speak.

ON A COTTAGE.

(From the Greek.)

Go, robber, past, and seek some richer store,  
Strong poverty defends my humble door.

## ORIGINAL EPIGRAMS.

(After the Greek manner.)

### M O R T U Æ.

THE moss has hid the name upon the stone,  
Which guards thine ashes in their sacred sleep ;  
Thou art forgotten, but by one alone,  
—That name within my heart is written deep.

### A N O T H E R.

In happy hours, when we in rapture vied,  
“ My life ! ” “ My soul ! ” each to the other cried ;  
And now, since Fate has torn our loves apart,  
I die within thy tomb, thou livest in my heart.

### A N O T H E R.

While thou wert here, the wished for night I blest,  
When by thy side I laid me down to rest ;



More welcome far the shade of death will be,  
When in the grave I sleep again with thee.

## INFIDELI.

The star which cheered the gloomy night,  
Fades in the glow of morning light;  
And, now that fortune gilds thy lot,  
My faithful love is all forgot!

## IN IMAGINEM PUELLÆ.

'Tis vain, kind artist! this was like her when  
Ione sat and smiled to thee; but then  
The likeness with the fleeting moment passed;  
Each hour her loveliness transcends the last!

## ON A MALICIOUS PERSON, WHO AFFECTS HUMILITY.

Call him not meek, the sycophantic thing!  
'Tis but the serpent's art to creep and sting.

(Religious.)

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

Drink, weary pilgrim ! If athirst thou be,  
Know that the stream is gushing forth for thee ;  
Drink for Christ's sake, our painful way who trod ;  
Man gives the cup—the living water, God.

HEBREWS IV. 9.

O rest not now, but scatter wide the seeds  
Of faithful words, and yet more faithful deeds ;  
So thou shalt rest above eternally,  
When God the harvest fruit shall give to thee.

HEBREWS IV. 10.

Thou restedst not, O God, from thine employ  
Till thou beheldest thy finished work with joy ;  
Nor let me think my right to rest is won,  
Till thou shalt view my work, and say: "Well done!"

## PHILIPPIANS II. 12, 13.

O blessed weakness, when Christ is our strength !  
O blessed fear, the warrant of success !  
O blessed service, which secures at length,  
In God's good pleasure, our own happiness !

## LUX IN TENEBRIS, TENEBRÆ IN LUCE.

'Tis not the sun, but Thou that gives me day ;  
Thy sweet compassion makes the darkness bright ;  
And, if Thou turn'st Thy loving smile away,  
My soul at noon is wrapped in deepest night.

SPECIMENS OF PSALMS LITERALLY VERSIFIED.

P S A L M I X.

I WILL praise thee, O my Lord, with my whole heart

I'll praise thee,

And show forth all thy marvellous works right loftily  
will I ;

I will rejoice in thee, for thy love doth embrace me ;

I will sing praises to thy name, O God, the Lord most  
high !

Mine enemies fly fast, they fall, O Lord, before thee,

Yea, they perish all before the glory of thy might ;

Thou hast maintained my cause, therefore do I adore  
thee,

O thou that sittest on thy throne for ever judging right !

Thou hast rebuked the heathen for ever and for ever,  
Their very name hath perished quite and shamefully  
in dust ;

—O mine enemy, thy rage shall vex the righteous never,  
Upon thy grave lie those proud walls which once thou  
mad'st thy trust.

The Lord from endless years to endless years en-  
dureth,  
He hath prepared for judgment high his throne of  
mighty power ;  
His truth full vengeance on th' ungodly soul ensureth ;  
His people shall his justice save in that tremendous  
hour.

Thou art a refuge for the weak, before th' oppressor  
flying,  
A refuge in the darkest hour thy name, O Lord, they  
make ;  
Who know thy steadfast truth, and, on that truth  
relying,  
Claim thy strong help, shall surely find thou never  
dost forsake.

O sing praises to the Lord, the Lord who dwells in  
Zion,

Declare among the people there the doings of his  
might !

He remembereth, in his fiercest wrath, those who his  
word rely on ;

He forgetteth not the lowly, when they cry in sore  
affright.

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, consider my distresses,  
The insulting rage of enemies my very soul who  
hate ;

Deliver me even now, for hard the foe oppresses ;  
Thou canst lift up my life even from death's lowest  
gate !

Then thy praises will I sing to Zion's listening  
daughter,

Exulting in thy temple high, thy saving love I'll  
sing ;

In the pit they digged for me my foes lie heaped in  
slaughter,

Their cruel souls are taken in their own imagining.

By his judgment is Jehovah known, though no mortal  
eyes behold him ;  
The wicked perish in the way his willing feet have  
trod ;  
Yea, the wicked shall be plunged in hell, where endless  
fires enfold him,  
With all the nations who forget their Maker and their  
God.

But the holy poor, who patient trust in humble expectation,  
Shall be remembered, Lord, by thee, in some bright  
future day ;  
Their cry wilt thou regard, and answer with salvation,  
Thy mercy seems to linger now, but shall not sleep  
always.

Arise, and put to shame, O Lord, the heathen's boastful  
story,  
That they may win the victory who for Jehovah fight !  
Put them in fear, O God, with their effulgent glory,  
That men may own themselves but dust, and kneel  
before thy might !

P S A L M   X I X.

THE heavens, O God, declare to man thy glory,  
The firmament thy wisdom's holy skill ;  
Day following day proclaims the wondrous story,  
Night following night repeats the lesson still.

They speak a language known to every nation ;  
Who upward looks, shall hear their voice sublime ;  
The deep, hushed music of their adoration  
Full on the soul to utmost earth doth chime.

There is the Sun's pavilion, whence arising,  
Like a proud bridegroom in his splendour drest,  
And with glad light the dewy earth surprising,  
A giant strong, he speeds him to the West.



His going forth is from the Orient heaven,  
And round he hies again to reach the goal ;  
The lowest earth feels his glad heat like leaven,  
Working mysterious ends from pole to pole.

So perfect is thy law, O God most holy,  
Converting from its sin the erring heart ;  
So doth thy truth shine on the spirit lowly,  
Making her blest with joy, e'en as Thou art.

Pure as morn's early rays on eyes awaking,  
So beams thy word upon th' awakening mind ;  
And God's high majesty, no stain partaking  
With mortal thought, eternal is enshrined.

More precious now, unto my soul's desire,  
Than gold, yea, finest gold, thy counsels are ;  
And, when my thoughts refreshing cheer require,  
Than comb distilling honey sweeter far.

They are my safe companions, still forewarning  
From subtle ill, while my weak steps they guard ;  
Thee would I serve each day from early morning.  
For in thy statutes is a great reward.

Who knows his every sin ? F'rom faults long hidden,  
O cleanse thou me ! and from presumptuous pride,  
O keep me back ! that, when the vile are chidden,  
My faithful soul, O Lord, thou may'st not chide.

Let all my words be pure—my meditation  
Be grateful to thee, when I lowly bow,  
Giving glad homage for thy full salvation,  
My Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer thou.

P S A L M   X X I I I .

THE Lord he is my shepherd,  
No want I e'er shall know ;  
In greenest mead he makes me feed,  
Where the calm waters flow.

My soul his love restoreth,  
And me to walk doth make  
(Lest I transgress) in righteousness,  
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, in death's darkest valley,  
I shall feel no dismay ;  
For there with me thou still shalt be,  
Thy rod and staff my stay.

My table thou preparest,  
In presence of my foes ;  
Upon my head, thou oil dost shed,  
And my cup overflows.

Thy goodness and thy mercy  
Shall ever follow me ;  
And when I die, with thee on high  
My endless home shall be.

P S A L M C X X V I.

WHEN Zion from captivity Jehovah did redeem,  
The joy appeared too great for truth, we were like  
those who dream ;  
Then were our mouths with laughter filled, and from  
each grateful tongue  
Glad praises to Jehovah there, before the heathen,  
rung.  
“The Lord hath done great things for them!” with  
wonder then they cried ;  
“The Lord hath done great things for us!” exulting  
we replied.  
—Bring home thy tribes unto their land, Lord, like the  
floods that pour  
Their channels full from southern hills when summer’s  
heats are o’er.

The faithful hearts that trust thy word, though they in  
anguish weep,

Yet shall the harvest of their faith in happy season  
reap ;

Yea, doubtless, shall abounding sheaves their constant  
bosoms fill,

Who sow in tears the precious seed, obedient to thy  
will.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Babel's waters we sat down, a weeping company ;  
We thought of Zion, and our harps hung on the willow  
tree.

Our masters there, with cruel taunt, required of us a  
song :

“ One of the songs,” the spoiler cried, “ to Zion that  
belong.”

God of our fathers ! how can we find either voice or  
hand

For Judah's lofty minstrelsy, in a far foreign land ?

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! if, thus forgetting thee,

I wake for thine insulting foes thy sacred melody,

Oh ! may my hand forget its skill to strike the tuneful  
string,

My palsied tongue with horror shrink, though all  
around me sing !

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! my joy all joys above,  
Thine is my hand, my harp, my voice, my heart's un-  
bounded love.

—Jehovah ! thou wilt not forget, how in that dreadful  
day,

The raging hosts of Edom howled like wolves above  
their prey :

“Rase, rase their walls unto the dust!”—Oh God !  
requite to them

The ruin of our heritage, thine own Jerusalem !

Yes, Babylon ! the day shall come, proud as thy  
triumphs shine

Above the tribes of Israel now, our ruin will be  
thine ;

And happy he, who will not spare thy children in thy  
fall,

But dash thy last remaining babe against thy prostrate  
wall !



## TRANSLATION.

A CHAUNT OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS AT THE  
LIGHTING OF THE EVENING LAMP.

USHER, DIATR. DE SYMBOLIS, p. 35.

LIGHT of the immortal Father's glory,  
Joyous, sacred, heavenly, blest,  
Jesus Christ, we bow before thee,  
As the sunlight leaves the west.  
We give thee homage, grateful, lowly,  
That the evening light we see,  
Father, Son, and Spirit Holy,  
Holy, Holy, Holy Three.

Worthy art Thou worlds unending,  
Son of God, the life and light,  
To receive a praise transcending  
All created worth and might ;

Soon the star, now shining o'er us,  
All the earth shall joyful see ;  
And all tongues shall swell the chorus :  
Holy, Holy, Holy Three.

## IF I ONLY HAVE THEE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.)

IF I only have Thee,  
If only mine thou art,  
And to the grave  
Thy power to save  
Upholds my faithful heart ;  
Naught can then my soul annoy,  
Lost in worship, love, and joy.

If I only have Thee,  
I gladly all forsake.  
To follow on  
Where thou hast gone.  
My pilgrim staff I take ;  
Leaving other men to stray  
In the bright, broad, crowded way.

If I only have Thee,  
If only Thou art near,  
In sweet repose  
My eyes shall close,  
Nor Death's dark shadow fear ;  
And thy heart's flood through my breast.  
Gently charm my soul to rest.

If I only have Thee,  
All the world is mine ;  
Like those who gaze  
Upon the rays  
That from thy glory shine,  
Rapt in holy thought of Thee,  
Earth can have no gloom for me.

Where I only have Thee  
Is my fatherland ;  
For everywhere  
The gifts I share  
From thy wide-spreading hand ;  
And in all my human kind,  
Long-lost brothers dear I find.

# IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

It is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And, midst the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose,  
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling  
    Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise on strong, exulting wing,  
    To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,  
    Thy chosen cannot die !  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife.  
    To reign with Thee on high.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

THE Almighty Spirit to a poor and humble Virgin  
came,

With promise that her child should bear IMMANUEL'S  
mystic name ;

And the blessed mother, full of joy, bowed down her  
pious head :

“ Behold the handmaid of the Lord, and do as thou  
hast said.”

Saviour, by thy Spirit Holy,

Make us like her, meek and lowly !

The hour of grace was fully come, and humble shep-  
herds lay

On Bethlehem's plains, with pious talk, watching until  
the day ;

When heavenly glory shone around, far brighter than  
the morn,

And radiant angels sang : "To you the Saviour Lord  
is born !"

Saviour, by thy Spirit Holy,  
Make us like them, meek and lowly !

Within a manger's humble bed, the Lord of Glory  
slept,

And the humble mother's yearning heart blest vigil  
o'er him kept ;

And humble shepherds knelt around, with wondering  
faith, to see

Upon an infant's feeble brow enstamped Divinity.

Saviour, by thy Spirit Holy,  
Make us like Thee, meek and lowly !

In all thy riper years, O Christ ! though armed with  
power Divine,

The gentle meekness of the poor and humble heart  
was thine ;



And now, upon thy lofty throne, so smiles thy mercy  
mild,

That saints and angels worship thee, as God's most  
Holy Child.\*

Saviour, by thy Spirit Holy,  
Keep us like thee, meek and lowly.

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\* Acts iv. 22.

## A N O T H E R.

Joy and gladness ! joy and gladness !

Oh ! happy day !

Ev'ry thought of sin and sadness

Chase, chase away.

Heard ye not the angels telling,

Christ the Lord of might excelling,

On the earth with man is dwelling,

Clad in our clay ?

With the shepherd-throng around him

Haste we to bow ;

By the angel's sign they found him,

We know him now ;

New-born babe of houseless stranger,

Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,

Saviour from our sin and danger,

Jesus, 'tis thou !

God of life, in mortal weakness,  
Hail, Virgin-born !  
Infinite in lowly meekness,  
Thou wilt not scorn,  
Though all Heaven is singing o'er thee,  
And gray wisdom bows before thee,  
When our youthful hearts adore thee,  
This holy morn.

Son of Mary, (blessed mother !)  
Thy love we claim ;  
Son of God, our elder brother,  
(O gentle name !)  
To thy Father's throne ascended,  
With thine own His glory blended,  
Thou art, all thy trials ended,  
Ever the same.

Thou wert born to tears and sorrows,  
Pilgrim divine ;  
Watchful nights and weary morrows,  
Brother, were thine :

By thy fight with strong temptation,  
By thy cup of tribulation,  
Oh ! thou God of our salvation,  
With mercy shine !

In thy holy footsteps treading  
Guide, lest we stray ;  
From thy word of promise shedding  
Light on our way ;  
Never leave us nor forsake us,  
Like thyself in mercy make us,  
And at last to glory take us,  
Jesus, we pray.

## A N O T H E R.

FULL many a year has sped,  
Since, round his cradle-bed,  
The shepherd-throng  
Hailed, Lord, the Child Divine,  
Blessed Mary's Son and Thine,  
Led by the starry sign  
And angel's song.

No heavenly song we hear,  
Nor wondrous signs appear,  
This holy morn ;  
But in our faith we see,  
Jesus-Jehovah, thee,  
On thy sweet mother's knee,  
A babe new-born.

And in thy book of truth,  
Through infancy and youth,  
    We trace thy way.  
Well may thy praise be sung,  
By every youthful tongue,  
O Saviour of the young,  
    On this glad day !

Sad was thy gentle life,  
Strong was thy constant strife,  
    Our souls to save ;  
By all our sins distrest,  
Nor home hadst thou, nor rest,  
E'en from thy mother's breast  
    To the dark grave.

O, by the faithful love  
That brought thee from above,  
    Our paths to tread,  
Guide thou our simple youth  
In ways of perfect truth,  
And from thy promise sooth  
    Rich comfort shed.

O, by thy death of shame,  
And thy triumphant name  
    Of boundless power,  
So may we die to sin,  
And a new life within  
Heaven's own bright day begin,  
    From this good hour.

Hosanna to our King!  
Hosanna high we sing,  
    Hail, hail, O Christ!  
To Him, who in the name  
Of God-Jehovah came,  
Let every heart proclaim :  
    Hosanna highest !

## A N O T H E R.

WE come, we come, with loud acclaim,  
To sing the praise of Jesus' name ;  
And make the vaulted temple ring  
With loud hosannahs to our King.  
With thrilling pulse and smiling face,  
We gather round the throne of grace  
And lowly bend to offer there,  
From infant lips, our Christmas prayer,  
To Him who slept on Mary's knee,  
A gentle child, as young as we.

We come, we come, the song to swell,  
To Him who loved our world so well,  
That, stooping from his Father's throne,  
He died, to claim it as his own.



And now the holy aisles we fill,  
Yet youthful bands are gathering still ;  
O, thus may we in heaven above,  
Unite in praises and in love ;  
While happy angels fill their home  
With joyful cry : " They come, they come !"

## H Y M N

FOR THE OPENING OF THE ORPHAN ASYLUM CHAPEL,  
BLOOMINGDALE, NEW YORK.

BY THE CONGREGATION.

THINE ancient temple, Lord, is dust ;  
But Thou hast sworn to be  
Wherever meet, in pious trust,  
True hearts to worship thee ;

And we, the orphan's home to bless,  
In lowly faith draw near ;  
Come, Father of the fatherless,  
And make thy dwelling here.

At op'ning morn, and closing eve,  
And Sabbath's holy time,

Do thou the grateful praise receive.  
Their artless voices chime.

And may thy lamp of love, whose light  
Shone on young Samuel's bed,  
Throughout this house each silent night  
Its tranquil blessing shed.

BY THE CHILDREN.

Here may we listen to the call  
Thine infant prophet heard,  
Till every heart is thine, and all  
Delight to know thy word.

And never may our hearts forget,  
Though far our feet may roam,  
The God around whose shrine we met,  
Within our Orphan Home.

Till all who learn hosannahs here,  
To Christ the Saviour's love,  
Shall in our Father's house appear,  
And sing his praise above.

## H Y M N   F O R   E A S T E R .

'Tis He ! 'tis He ! I know him now,  
By the red scars upon his brow,  
His wounded hands, and feet, and side,  
My Lord ! my God ! the Crucified !

Those hands have rolled the stone away ;  
Those feet have trod the path to-day ;  
And round that brow triumphant shine  
The rays of majesty divine.

O, from those hands uplifted, shed  
Thy blessing on my fainting head ;  
And, as I clasp those feet, impart  
The love that gushed from out thy heart !

Thy death upon the cross be mine,  
My life from mortal sin, be thine,  
And mine the way thy feet have trod,  
To reign in heaven with thee, my God.

## PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

O FOR the happy hour  
When God will hear our cry,  
And send, with a reviving power,  
His Spirit from on high !

We meet, we sing, we pray,  
We listen to the Word,  
In vain—we see no cheering ray,  
No cheering voice is heard.

Our prayers are faint and dull,  
And languid all our songs,  
Where once with joy our hearts were full,  
And rapture tuned our tongues.

While many crowd thy house,  
How few around thy board  
Meet to record their solemn vows,  
And bless thee as their Lord?

Thou, Thou alone canst give  
Thy Gospel sure success,  
And bid the dying sinner live  
Anew in holiness.

Come, with thy power divine,  
Spirit of life and love;  
Then shall our people all be thine,  
Our church like that above.

## LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

*“ Assument pennas sicut aquilæ.”*

WHY, trembling soul ! such strange affright  
To quit a toil-worn frame like this ;  
Nor joy to stretch thy wings of light,  
And seek a higher realm of bliss ?

Why thus imprisoned love to dwell  
Where darkness shrouds thy longing eye,  
When all beyond the narrow cell  
Is light and hope and liberty ?

How oft thy cry : O for the hour  
When some strong hand would set me free !  
—Lo, thy Deliverer ! who hath power  
O'er death and thy captivity.



O heed not then the sick'ning pain,  
Nor faint, though sight and sense grow dim ;  
'Tis but the wrench that breaks thy chain  
From fettered wing and weary limb.

I feel thee now, my rising soul,  
Like early lark I singing soar,  
And, free from every base control,  
I stoop to earth and sin no more.

## A P R A Y E R.

I C O R I N T H I A N S, X I I I.

FATHER, on my bended knee,  
Hear me ask a boon from thee :

Give me, if thou wilt, the charm  
Of eloquence, thy truth to arm,  
That the sinful soul may tremble,  
And the vile no more dissemble ;  
Touch my lips with sacred fire,  
Such as kindles Heaven's choir  
When Cherubim and Seraphim  
Swell with saints th' immortal hymn ;  
Give me strong prophetic sight  
To read all thy mysteries right ;  
Faith to make the mountain yield  
Easy path as meadow field ;

—Grant me, if Thou wilt, all these,  
Yet not all my heart can ease,  
If Thou dost not grant to me  
Gentle, lowly Charity ;  
Without this, they all shall tell  
Like tinkling cymbal, empty bell.

Had I riches, and a heart  
All in mercy to impart ;  
Courage strong to yield my breath  
In a martyr's fiery death ;  
Little would they profit me  
Without gentle Charity.  
Charity that beareth long,  
Though I suffer cruel wrong ;  
To the erring always kind ;  
To my own worth always blind ;  
Glad of others' happy lot,  
In his profit mine forgot ;  
Vaunting not superior good,  
Never proud, nor harsh, nor rude ;  
Yielding, rather far than fight,  
Ev'n my due with meek delight ;

Slowly stirred to words of blame,  
Slowly seeing others' shame ;  
'Neath my trials never grieving ;  
All a brother's praise believing ;  
Ever hoping for the best,  
And enduring all the rest ;  
—This is what I ask from Thee,  
Gentle, lowly Charity.

Little now at best we know,  
Though with prophet's fire we glow ;  
But when Thou shalt radiant come.  
And reveal the mighty sum,  
We shall in the glory see  
Only gentle Charity.

When I was a little child,  
Foolish were my words and wild ;  
Feebly learned I what was taught,  
Feebly then of wisdom thought ;  
Now, Lord, let my manhood be  
Strong in gentle Charity.

Dim, as through a shadowed glass,  
Now we watch thy glories pass ;  
But when, in thy close embrace,  
Thou shalt clasp me face to face,  
I shall all thy greatness see,  
As Thou now dost look on me.

Still within my heart shall rest,  
Each a welcome, cheerful guest,  
Sent to bless me from above,  
Faith, and Hope, and holy Love ;  
But the chiefest place shall be,  
Thine, sweet, gentle Charity !



“ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.”

JOHN XVI. 32.

THE desert flower afar may bloom,  
Where foot of man ne'er trod ;  
Yet gratefully its soft perfume  
Ascendeth up to God ;  
And He will own the offering too,  
And fill its cup with living dew.

Alone may sing the forest-bird,  
Afar from human ear,  
Yet there he singeth not unheard,  
For God is listening near ;  
And He will cheer the warbler's breast  
With pleasant food and quiet rest.

Thus, when before His gracious throne,  
With grateful praise I bend,  
I feel I am not all alone,  
For God is still my friend ;  
And humble though my love may be,  
He answereth it with love to me.

Each morn will bring a promise pure  
As dew to desert flower,  
Each eve a rest as calm and sure  
As birds in forest bower ;  
Till death shall free my earth-bound wing,  
And bear me heavenward as I sing.

## SAILOR'S HYMN.

TOSSED upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know  
Thou hast pressed a sailor's pillow,  
And canst feel a sailor's wo,  
Never slumbering, never sleeping,  
Though the night be dark and drear,  
Thou the faithful watch art keeping—  
“All, all's well!” thy constant cheer.

And, though loud the wind is howling,  
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,  
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling  
O'er the sailor's anxious head,  
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
All its noise and tumult still,  
Hush the billow's wild commotion,  
At the bidding of thy will.



Thus my heart the hope will cherish,  
While to Heav'n I lift mine eye,  
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,  
Thou wilt hear me when I cry ;  
And, though mast and sail be riven,  
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er ;  
Safely moored in Heav'n's wide haven,  
Storms and tempests vex no more.

## THE DEPARTING MISSIONARY.

FAREWELL to thee, brother ! We meet but to part,  
And sorrow is struggling with joy in each heart ;  
There is grief—but there's hope, all its anguish to quell ;  
The Master goes with thee—Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! Thou art leaving the home of thy youth,  
The friends of thy God, and the temples of truth,  
For the land where is heard no sweet Sabbath bell ;  
Yet the Master goes with thee—Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! for thou treadest the path that He trod ;  
His God is thy Father, His Father thy God ;  
And if ever with doubtings thy bosom shall swell,  
Remember He's with thee—Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! and God speed thee, glad tidings to bear,  
To the desolate isles in their night of despair ;  
On the sea, on the shore, all the promises tell,  
His wings shall enfold thee. Farewell ! oh, farewell !

Farewell ! but in spirit we often shall meet  
(Though the ocean divide us) at one mercy-seat ;  
And above, ne'er to part, but for ever to dwell  
With the Master in glory—Till then, oh ! farewell !

## THE JOY OF ANGELS.

THERE'S joy before the face of God,  
While, from th' eternal throne,  
Unwonted rapture streams abroad,  
And o'er all heaven hath shone.

The seraphim to cherubim  
With glad responses call,  
And loud rejoice, with harp and hymn,  
Angel, archangel, all.

And loftily the choral strain  
Swells through the skies around :  
“ A soul once dead now lives again !  
A sinner lost is found ! ”

Not such their joy, when o'er the birth  
Of glorious worlds they sung ;

Or when the Almighty rolled the earth  
The tuneful spheres among.

Not thus they hailed the starry sign,  
When Bethlehem's lowly King  
Did round his majesty divine  
Man's humble nature fling.

Before Jehovah's burning breath,  
Those orbs shall pass away ;  
And Jesus stooped to shame and death.  
When He assumed our clay.

But while eternity shall roll  
Its ceaseless years for aye,  
Shall shine that new-created soul,  
With ever-waxing ray ;

And Jesus to his blood-bought throne  
Shall lift his chosen high,  
Radiant in glory all his own,  
The jewels of the sky.

“MY MEAT IS TO DO THE WILL OF  
HIM THAT SENT ME.”

JOHN IV. 34.

UPON the well by Sychar's gate,  
At burning noon, the Saviour sate,  
Athirst and hungry, from the way  
His feet had trod since early day ;  
The Twelve had gone to seek for food,  
And left him in his solitude.

They come and spread before him there,  
With faithful haste, the pilgrim fare,  
And gently bid him : “ Master, eat ! ”  
But God had sent him better meat,  
And there is on his gentle brow,  
Nor weariness nor faintness now.

For while they sought the market-place,  
His words had won a soul to grace ;  
And when He set that sinner free  
From bonds of guilt and infamy,  
His heart grew strong with joy divine,  
More than the strength of bread and wine.

So, Christian, when thy faith is faint,  
Amidst the toils that throng the saint,  
Ask God that thou may'st peace impart  
Unto some other human heart ;  
And thou thy Master's joy shalt share,  
E'en while His cross thy shoulders bear.

# CHRIST WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

JOHN XIII. 1-15.

O! BLESSED Jesus! when I see thee bending,  
Girt as a servant, at thy servants' feet,  
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending.  
To wash their dust away, and make them meet  
To share thy feast, I know not t' adore,  
Whether thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious thou art of that dread hour impending,  
When thou must hang in anguish on the tree;  
Yet, as from the beginning, to the ending  
Of thy sad life, thine own are dear to thee,—  
And thou wilt prove to them, ere thou dost part,  
Th' untold love which fills thy faithful heart.



The day too is at hand, when, far ascending,  
 Thy human brow the crown of God shall wear,  
 Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending,  
 To do thy will and bow in homage there ;  
 But thou dost pledge, to guard thy church from ill,  
 Or bless with good, thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus ! to my soul thy spirit lending,  
 Teach me to live, like thee, in lowly love ;  
 With humblest service all thy saints befriending,  
 Until I serve before thy throne above—  
 Yes ! serving e'en my foes, for thou didst seek  
 The feet of Judas, in thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrim feet, as homeward wending  
 My weary way, are sadly stained with sin ;  
 Daily do thou, thy precious grace expending,  
 Wash me all clean without and clean within,  
 And make me fit to have a part with thee  
 And thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of SERVANT ! comprehending  
 Man's highest honour in his humblest name ;

For thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,  
The throne of mighty power didst truly claim ;  
He who would rise like Thee, like Thee must owe  
His glory only to his stooping low.

## L U T H E R.

O ! THAT the soul of Luther  
Were on the earth again !  
The mighty soul, whose mightier faith  
Burst ancient error's chain ;

And flashed the rays of God's own word  
Through superstition's night,  
Till the church of God, that sleeping lay,  
Awoke in Christ's own light !

For there are banded traitors strong,  
Who fain would round us cast  
The fetters that our fathers wore,  
In those dark ages past.

“The church ! the church !” they loudly boast ;  
“The cross ! the cross !” they cry ;  
But ’tis not God’s pure church they love,  
Nor the Cross of Calvary !

They would knot again the painful scourge,  
And fire the martyr’s pile ;  
And the simple poor of God’s free grace,  
With mystic words, beguile.

They would tear the Bible from our hearts,  
And bid us blindly turn  
From the holy page, and the Spirit’s power,  
At the feet of men to learn.

They darken e’en the house of prayer  
With Gothic shadows dim,  
Lest the Sun of truth and righteousness  
Should shine on us from Him.

They open lying legends old,  
And claim their right to rule,

Through lines of tyrant-prelates long,  
From the meek Apostles' school.

They stand between us and our God,  
In their robes of bigot-pride,  
And swear that none, who serve not them,  
Shall serve the Crucified.

O ! that the soul of Luther  
Were on the earth once more ;  
And his mighty faith in the words of truth,  
Those floods of light to pour !

For the church his holy zeal once led  
From worse than Egypt free,  
Is wandering from THE GLORY back  
To foul captivity !

## S A B B A T H E V E N I N G.

“Te veniente die—Te decedente requiro.”

SWEET was the Sabbath morn ; the light  
Shone out with purer rays,  
Than ever chase the lingering night  
From sin's most pompous days.

Sweet was our waking thought,—that He,  
Who Eden's Sabbath blest,  
Gave to our souls this day, that we  
Might enter to his rest.

Sweet was the voice of Sabbath bell,  
Clear-ringing through the air,  
When on our waiting ears it fell,  
A call to praise and prayer.

Sweet was the slow, yet cheerful walk  
With Christian company,  
Who loved of Jesus' grace to talk,  
And longed his power to see.

In God's own house, how passing sweet  
Where God's own praise is heard,  
And saints are bowing at his feet  
To hear his holy word !

But now hath set the Sabbath sun,  
And fallen the evening shade ;  
The pleasant work is well nigh done,  
The Sabbath pleasant made.

Yet sweetly, midst the holy calm,  
The memory of delight  
Sheds on the soul a blessed balm,  
Like fragrant dews by night.

The echo of the praise is still  
Ling'ring upon the ear ;

And through our weekly journey will  
Our pilgrim spirits cheer.

O when shall that fair morning break,  
Whose light will ne'er grow dim ;  
And the whole Church in glory wake  
The everlasting hymn ?

THE END.











1

March 1870

"The Arena"





